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The voyage companion

1850





THE VOYAGE COMPANION:

A Parting Gift

TO

FEMALE EMIGRANTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A WORD ON BEHALF OF THE SLAVE; OR, A MITE CAST INTO THE
TREASURY OF LOVE." "THE BIBLE RIGHTS OF THE SLAVE; OR,
JEWISH SERVITUDE AND AMERICAN SLAVERY COMPARED."
"THE HEATHEN INSTITUTION," ETC., ETC.



LONDON :

CHARLES GILPIN, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

1850.

LONDON:
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THIS LITTLE WORK
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY ITS AUTHOR,
TO THE
LADY PATRONESSES
OF THE
FEMALE EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

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THE
VOYAGE COMPANION,
&c., &c.

LETTER TO FEMALE EMIGRANTS.

MY FEMALE FRIENDS,—From the title of the following little work, you will at once perceive that the writer has formed the purpose, and cherished the hope, of engaging some portion of your time and attention during the long voyage which you are about to make. This attention you might possibly be more disposed to grant, did you expect to be amused and entertained by what the writer has to say ; and I own I am not altogether without a suspicion that a little disappointment may be experienced, when it is acknowledged that entertainment is not the object which I wish you to keep in view, should you oblige me by taking this “Parting Gift” into your hand, with the intention of reading it. Its object is to *invite thought*, and you will not, I hope, altogether deprive me of the pleasure of finding, at least, a few among you willing to accept this invitation. You will agree with the author in this—that if we do not learn to think justly, we cannot learn to act wisely ; and yet, if we do not act wisely and well, our condition,

both in this world, and in that which is to come, will be made worse.

You are all now opening a new page in the history of your life, and Servio, feeling a sincere interest in your welfare, has ventured to draw up a few simple reflections, in the hope that they might, in some slight measure, aid you in cultivating that state of the mind and heart which will prove to be your best and only safeguard against *blotting* that page with folly and with sin.

The Christian part of this Christian country have read with deep concern, and indignant reprobation, the accounts of the utterly disgraceful manner in which "Female Emigration" has been recently conducted; and, had it not been for a well-grounded expectation of succeeding vessels being sent out, with *some* decent provision for the spiritual wants of the passengers, in the person of a conscientious chaplain, and in the person of a respectable matron—some security against those indolent and disorderly habits being contracted during the voyage, which might prove your bane at the termination of it—the present effort (which claims no higher merit than that of being one in the right *direction* for good) would never have been put forth; it would but have been a "labour of love" entirely thrown away. The young are, at best, too little inclined to useful thinking, and when, as in the unhappy cases above alluded to, not only useful thought was never encouraged, but vicious thought went hand in hand with vicious practice, such a little work as the present (had emigration

continued under such atrocious circumstances) would have been received with the laugh of folly, the sneer of ridicule, and the heedlessness of sin. Expressing, therefore, my fervent congratulations that *you* are leaving our shores under better influences, and an earnest hope that these influences may be so improved by you, that you will neither disgrace your country nor yourselves, but reflect honour upon both, let me proceed affectionately to request your attention to some few points, which it appeared more suitable to introduce in a letter than in the "reflections."

In considering the great variety of character which there must always be where any number of persons are collected together, we are naturally led to consider also the variety of their pursuits, their hopes, their fears, their prospects, and their capabilities. This difference must subsist in *your* characters, and it will shape your individual thoughts and emotions upon leaving your native land. Some among you are, doubtless, young, active, spirited, and full of hope for the future; not insensible to the pain of parting with friends, but cheered and supported by the expectation of sending pleasant tidings to those friends from a distant country. Some, who are older, and who have seen and suffered more, are less cheerful in their spirits, finding it far more difficult than it appears to be to some of their younger companions, to reconcile the heart to the step which the judgment approves. Some, too, there are, in all probability, among you, whose feeble

steps and pallid lips betoken infirm health, and these, from their dependent condition, silently plead for that attention from their fellow-passengers which the kind heart is ever ready to bestow. To each and all, I waft my best and heartfelt wishes—better health to these, and to those, renewed cheerfulness and realised expectations. “Hope on, hope ever,” is a maxim well worthy of being echoed from one side of the Atlantic to the other; but is it not plain, to one of the least reflection, that this hope must be built upon the secure foundation of a good character? Character, as you are aware, is nothing more than the result, or *growth*, of frequent and continued actions—actions form habits, and habits form the character. For instance, if young persons are in the habit, day after day, and week after week, of wasting their time by not rising early in the morning, and of lessening their energy by not putting forth the ability and strength which they possess into the work which lies before them, they will soon become indolent characters; if they show a readiness to transcribe or copy into their own minds, the evil (which, alas! is always near us), the coarse and indecent jest, and the blaspheming tongue, they will soon become *vicious* characters. But I need not enlarge upon this. It is only adverted to, to bring distinctly before your minds the unspeakable importance of a *good* character. As soon as you are landed on the country to which you are going, your conduct will be remarked; you will be talked of; you will be noticed; you will be asked what employment

you want, and for what you consider yourselves best qualified, and the success of your whole life may depend upon the steady, virtuous, *guarded manner*, in which you may determine to conduct yourselves when you first arrive amongst those who at present know nothing of you. Place your sole dependence upon deserving a good name; build up a good reputation; but, in order to build this up, lean wholly upon God—approach his throne humbly and *regularly*, in the name and as a teachable disciple of Jesus Christ, and all will go well with you; for in this way only can your soul be kept pure, and your various duties be done “decently and in order.” If you neglect religion, this neglect will be fatal. You will be left defenceless, and yet be assailed by temptation both from without and from within—you will *fall* by them—for bold, rash, presumptuous, foolish, *mad*, would that young person be, who would dare say, in his or her deceitful heart, “I can stand in the midst of this ensnaring world, safe and uninjured, without the gracious aid of my Father and my God.”

Let it not be, for one moment, supposed that I intend, or wish, to represent religion under a dark or gloomy aspect. On the contrary, true religion is the most cheerful and sunshiny thing which our restless hearts can search out, in the whole of this bright and beautiful world; for it is nothing less than the spirit of order, of self-improvement, of peace, and of love. When a “soft answer” has been given, and “turned away wrath,” is not the answerer happy? When temptation has been re-

sisted, and the right word spoken, the right thing done, is not the doer of the Right happy? And when the few comforts of a humble cottager have been made still fewer by the kind bestowment of them upon one still more bowed down by the weight of poverty than herself, who, *who* will say that the kind self-denier is not happy? She *is* happy; and while she sits by that fire, which would have been larger had not her own heart been *so* large, she is content with "its few small embers," and, "nursing them well," "builds up her hope in Heaven." Rest assured, my young friends, that kind manners, right actions, and virtuous thoughts, not only afford internal pleasures which the world can neither give nor take away, but impart to the external world much additional charm. To a good mind—to a mind at peace with itself—the flowers look more beautiful, the fields more green, the sky more blue; there is more music in the song of the birds, more joyousness in the mirth of children, and more of love and purity in the "human face divine." The good, though to the eye of the stranger they may seem surrounded by dark clouds, are cheered with the "sunshine of the breast," and, while walking in a road which to the worldling might appear rough and thorny, do yet gratefully acknowledge that the way of religion is "the way of pleasantness, and that *all* her paths are peace."

I am now going to address particularly those among you who are young and unmarried, and when [redacted] tell you that the little which I have to say, relates

to the subject of love and marriage, you must forgive me for venturing to "guess" that you will not reject this subject as altogether an unwelcome one. Yes, my female friends, I suspect that you will rather like to see what Servio has to advance upon a topic, which, to say the truth, always has been, and always will be, an interesting one to the young. But you must remember that Servio's turn of mind is a little serious, and marriage is a serious subject, so that I cannot promise that you will not be somewhat disappointed at the grave manner in which it is presented to your minds, in the "reflections" upon it which I have ventured to draw up for your use. If, however, you should approve of the thoughts suggested, and make them, as it were, your own, you will much gratify me, and you will perhaps allow me to hope that you will, in some degree, have benefited yourselves. Some of you are not very unlikely to meet with an opportunity of entering into the state of matrimony, and while I offer you my cordial wishes that you may make a good choice, I, at the same time, beg you to accept (as a pledge of their sincerity) the abovementioned efforts so to *guide* your sentiments and feelings on this important subject, that your choice *may* be good.

My dear countrywomen, I will not pay you so poor a compliment, as to insinuate that you look forward to being married as an *object* in life, which, if not accomplished, would make you unhappy. Let me, on the other hand, give you full credit for assenting to this important truth, that the true hap-

piness of every man and woman, whether young or old, whether married or single, consists in good habits, good principles, good thoughts, and good temper. It is by no means denied, that it is a natural, a very natural thing, for a steady and well-conducted young man to love, and dearly love, a good and modest young woman ; and Servio heartily wishes that every such man may be fortunate in winning, in return, the affection of her whom he loves. But marriage generally involves such new duties, cares, and expenses, that it is both foolish and *wrong* to form this tie, until permanent employment gives a fair prospect to both parties of being able to meet the expenses of their humble home. Do not you, then, do, what so many have done, “repent at leisure” of a hasty marriage, but listen to the voice of prudence, as it speaks in the old couplet,—

“ Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper *time* to marry.”

The interest which I take in this subject, as connected with your well-being, leads me to bring under your notice the care which should be taken of the *beginnings of love*—these, every prudent young woman will *watch*. We will suppose a young man is paying you attention, and wishes you to give him your company—you, perhaps, feel inclined to do this; but wait a little, and be on your guard. If he urges you to be with him, at such times as *he* knows, and *you* know, that you ought to be at your duties, you may be quite sure that he is not a person to whom it would be *safe* for you to give your company. If he was trustworthy

and conscientious himself, he would wish you to be so also, for poor would be his prospect of happiness with a wife, who could readily be induced either to neglect her daily duties, or to pass the boundary of a modest propriety of behaviour. Again, when you have parted from him, and are thinking of what he has said, and how he has conducted himself towards you, ask yourself whether he has done your mind good or *harm*. It is easy enough to know this, if you deal with yourself faithfully. If you were to pray for him, would your prayer be, that God would graciously strengthen him in his virtues, or that He would forgive, and enable him to forsake, his vices. If the latter would be your petition, oh, trust him not; give up his company, and fly from him as you would from a viper! Rejoice that the acquaintance has been but short, and that you have found out his real character. Give your mind to other thoughts; discharge your duties with more fidelity than ever; and be grateful that you have escaped the danger of connecting yourself with a man of any known bad habit, which he will not grapple with, and endeavour to conquer. To connect yourself with vice, in any way whatever, is to court misery and ruin. Ever shun the man, whose words are evil, or whose actions are in the slightest degree such as a modest young woman would shrink from. If a young man's conduct shows that his heart is not right towards God, depend upon it, it neither is, nor can be, *right towards you*.

And now, my countrywomen, one and all, I must bid you farewell; and I cannot do this without com-

riending you in my heart to that Being whose arm is power, whose mind is wisdom, and whose spirit is love. "His tender mercies are over all his works." "From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth, and considereth all their works." You cannot go where God is not, and, therefore, go where you will, you go where love *is*. You have the privilege (and a greater privilege not one of our erring race can enjoy) of calling this holy and powerful Being your Father and your Friend. His ear is ever open to your cry. He is ever *waiting* to be gracious to those that trust in Him. May you, then, trust in Him, and with gentle and obedient hearts "commit your way unto the Lord." New scenes are about to open to you, new beauties to strike the eye, and a new aspect of life to engage your attention. The friends whom you have left, will like much to hear of all that you have thought, and felt, and done, since you parted with them, and, while your willing fingers are employed in writing to these friends, it will surely be a sweet and happy thought, that both you and they (though the great waters divide you) are alike under the kind care of your Heavenly Father. He witnessed the mutual tears which you shed at your departure. He knew it was but natural that you *should* shed them. His gentle hand, my dear young friends, will one day wipe all tears from all eyes, for his purposes towards us all are as kind as they are wise. "Draw nigh unto Him, and He will draw nigh unto you." Approach his throne with the gentleness of little

children, with the humility of true Christians, and with the entire and confiding trust of frail, dependent, and perishing creatures. Thank Him for all his goodness to you, for every kind feeling of your heart, and for every good purpose of your soul. Thank Him for those earthly friends whom His providence has raised up to take an interest in and to forward your happiness, but, above all, thank Him for sending into the world his beloved Son, Jesus Christ, to turn us all from our evil ways, to "bring life and immortality to light," and to teach the whole human race to address, as their Father, that Great Being who is "the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of those that are afar off upon the sea."

Faithfully yours,

SERVIO.

P.S. It has not been thought necessary to offer any particular observations or reflections upon the love of dress, as the *vanity and folly* which lead young women to bestow so much attention and waste so much time upon it, would be effectually cured by the steady cultivation of that *habit of mind* which the writer so earnestly recommends.

REFLECTIONS ON FIRST SETTING OUT.

1st. When persons enter upon any new situation in life, they must be thoughtless, indeed, not to go over in the mind the new duties which they must enter upon also. Such a want of thought tells ill

for the men and women who manifest it, since it proves that they feel no real concern for their character, no praiseworthy wish to become useful and respectable members of society; for both the high and low can only become such by the *thoughtful* discharge of their duty, whatever it may be. How often have I heard it said of young persons, "they are so thoughtless that I can do nothing with them; they are not vicious themselves, but their carelessness will unfit them for service, and they will, I fear, be a prey to those who *are* vicious, and tread with them the path of destruction." Let not this fate be mine. Let me reflect on my new situation. A long voyage affords a favourable opportunity for reflection. We have leisure for it, since the regular employments by which we are to gain a subsistence are, in a great measure, suspended, and the sameness of the objects with which we are surrounded, prevent our attention from being distracted by anything very new and exciting. I may, if I please, make this long voyage of great service to me, by learning to think,—that is, if I think in the *right way*.

2nd. The best thoughts of the best among us are surely those which lead the mind to God, and I cannot do better than endeavour to think of Him now. I have constantly before my eyes one of His great and beautiful works,—the ocean. How different its appearance at different times! Sometimes we admire its calm beauty, as it lies in deep repose before us, lit up by the bright warm sun; at other times, we are amazed at its tremendous power, as

the waves, with their mighty crests, break around us in the darkening tempest. But do not both its power and its beauty speak to us of God? "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth king for ever."

3rd. Now that I am myself upon the ocean, I can better understand what is meant by the expression the "sea of life." Every human being has a voyage to make upon this sea, which is bearing him onward to the eternal shores of a better world. Under the surface of the ocean, upon the bosom of which we are now sailing, are concealed rocks, and dangerous quicksands, and we should be swallowed up by these, or wrecked by those, could we not safely depend upon the care, the knowledge, and the skill, of our captain. He knows where they lie, and, guided by his compass, wisely steers our vessel in the right and safe direction for the port to which it is bound.

How justly are these rocks and quicksands compared to those heedless transgressions and wilful sins into which we fall, by not looking for guidance to the Great Captain of our salvation. We lose *our* compass, make shipwreck of good conscience, and founder, miserable and helpless, upon a dark and dreary shore, lamenting our sin and folly, and seeking its forgiveness.

4th. Is it not, then, wise in me to look up to my heavenly Father, who in His mercy and wisdom has thought fit to place me in the situation in which I now find myself? I am leaving my country, but *God is not leaving me.* I have said farewell to some

kind friends, but my kindest Friend is still with me. He knows my wants and can supply them. He sees my weakness and can strengthen me. He shows me the path of duty and can enable me to *keep it*. But I must not expect His favour, if I neglect to think of Him, and to pray to Him, as one who desires to be very grateful for His loving kindness to all His creatures, and especially for sending Jesus Christ into the world to teach us all to be, and to do, good.

5th. In looking back upon the life which I have spent in my own country, I have great reason to be thankful that I have not been exposed to those temptations by which so many unhappily fall into great wickedness and dreadful suffering. I have many and great imperfections, which I hope I sincerely wish to correct, but I do not carry with me a *bad character*. My chief concern, therefore, should be, to *improve* that which I have. My friends, when they parted with me, wished me happy, and hoped that I should do well,—I thanked them with my tears,—I love to remember their kind words and looks,—it does my heart good, and makes me more desirous not to disappoint and grieve them by any misconduct. I hope not to disgrace my country either, which I love, and am, on some accounts, sorry to leave; but let me remember, that if I sail on the “sea of life,” with a heart trusting in, and loving my heavenly Father, He will guide my bark through all storms into a safe and peaceful haven, where I shall again meet, and be for ever with

all who have been kind to me here below, and endeavoured to teach me that the way of duty is the *way of peace.*

REFLECTIONS ON COMPANIONSHIP.

1st. The Scripture saith, “Evil communications corrupt good manners.” That these words contain a sad truth no one can deny—thousands, both of young men and young women, can date a wicked and unhappy life from the day on which they were first enticed to evil, by false friends and bad companions. They do something which is erring and sinful, and which is known only to those bad people. A terrible fear comes upon them, lest their guilt should be discovered—they are perhaps threatened with a disclosure of it, unless they comply still further with their wicked suggestions. The timid and tempted being yields, and a still closer compact is made with sin,—“deeds of darkness” are committed, and the doers of them say in their hearts, “God hideth his face, He will never see it.” They have put far from them all good thoughts,—good resolutions never *now* enter their mind. They have “left off to be wise and to do good,” and are become the servants of wickedness. Their condition is a most sad one, yet is it not one which all young persons are likely to be brought into, if they allow themselves to be *quite off their guard* in the company which they keep?

2nd. When I look round upon my companions in

this vessel, and remember how long a time we shall have to spend together, it would certainly be desirable to be cautious in forming *intimate* acquaintance with them. I know nothing of them, nor they of me, at present, and though it would be most unjust to suspect them of being either irreligious or artful, or dishonourable in any way, it would be wiser to study their temper and conduct before connecting myself more closely with them. A *general* kindness and attention to those around us, every one ought to pay. When I consider how great an influence those with whom we frequently and intimately associate have over our minds, rendering us, by their habits of speaking and acting, (as far as these act upon *our* minds,) more or less fit for the kingdom of God, it makes friendship appear in an important and serious light, and in this light I wish to view it now.

3rd. It is a sweet and precious thing to be loved by those who love God, who never willingly offend Him, who at least always *wish* to do right, and who are very sorrowful in their heart before Him when they have unhappily done wrong; who scorn falsehood; who abhor dishonesty, and in whose mouth are found no impure and improper words. The friendship of such persons is, indeed, a privilege, which I should labour to deserve and to obtain. "May every friend of mine, therefore, be a friend of God." May she possess the virtues which I want, and as my acquaintance with her grows, may I myself grow better. May we sweeten life to each other, by mutual love, and by taking a real interest



and pleasure in each other's improvement. If we should be separated by distance, may we still be united by affection. In the midst of the daily and active occupations by which we live, may we still find time to send a thought after our friend, and may that thought, while it "moistens the eye," do our hearts good, and make us still more gentle in our temper, still more kind in our manners, and still more pure in our thoughts.

ON THE REASONS FOR EMIGRATION, AND THE ADVANTAGES TO BE ENJOYED DURING THE PASSAGE.

1st. When we have taken any step in life, that will be followed by a great change in our condition and prospects, it is of importance to feel that our after, as well as our previous judgment, approves of the step which we have taken. Surely, in the present case, we may experience this satisfaction. The motives which determined me to emigrate were, I hope, good and right. I, in common with those around me, (bound with me to the same port,) had begun to feel the pressure of poverty, and the great difficulty of obtaining an honest livelihood in my own country; and willingly to remain a burden on that country, would have reflected no credit upon any one of us. We are quitting a country where the employers have too many hands, and seeking one in which the employed are *wanted*. We have

a reasonable expectation of greatly improving our condition, if we carry into the country which is to be the scene of our labours, industrious and active habits, teachable dispositions, and, above all, *good principles*. Few of us leave home quite ignorant either of service or of trade, but even for these few there is encouragement, if they enjoy good health, have a good temper, are corrupted by no improper habits, and are *determined to make themselves useful*, in any employment for which "a willing mind" would fit them. We may rest satisfied, then, that, on the whole, we have done the *right thing*, in embarking on this expedition; and it only remains for us to make a wise and grateful use of the advantages which we may enjoy during our passage, bearing, with *cheerful patience*, all the inconveniences which those who undertake a long voyage in our circumstances must have to endure.

2nd. There are two persons whose presence amongst us ought to be looked upon as a great advantage. To their authority, influence, and advice, we ought respectfully to attend and to submit. These persons are the chaplain and the matron. With respect to the latter, it will be her office to see that our time does not pass unimproved and unemployed. She will portion out to us a daily supply of needle-work, and will insist on habits of order, industry, and cleanliness. In doing all this, she will do quite right; in not attending to her, we shall do quite wrong. For one, therefore, may I endeavour to please her, from a sense of duty, as well as from



clearly seeing the advantage, to myself, of cultivating neat and orderly habits. She has been kindly placed in the situation of matron amongst us to do us good, and we shall only prove ourselves to be foolish young women if we do not make her *our friend*, by respectful and proper conduct towards her.

3rd. With respect to our chaplain, when I call to mind his sacred office, I have reason to be grateful that I am not so lost to a sense of religion as not to feel great respect for every minister of the Gospel, whether in the Established church, or out of it, who addresses his hearers with an affectionate and serious concern for their real good. It has seemed fit to the will of God to try us with many and great temptations, and too many of us fall by them, and are lost. The *entrances* to sin are many, and are sometimes, through want of *self-examination*, quite unperceived by us. Can it, then, be wise, in such frail beings, to neglect the services of religion, whenever and wherever we are present at them? Whenever they are conducted in a good spirit, they are well worthy of being listened to, and it is miserable folly to suffer our thoughts, when they ought to be engaged in these services, to be wandering upon our own trifling cares and foolish wishes. When our attention is called to things Divine, let us obey the call, and let that attention be given. We may rest assured of this, that, whether we attend Divine service in a church or in a chapel, on board a vessel, or at our own homes, if we *wish* this service to do us good, it *will* do so. We shall feel more grieved

at what we have done wrong in the past, and a more heartfelt desire to act a better part for the future. Good thoughts will be pleasant, and welcome; we shall feel happier in ourselves, and a greater wish to make others happy, and shall in time learn to look upon it as a "sweet and pleasant thing to go to the house of God in company." Opportunities for public worship will seem like delightful "halting places in life's rough road," from whence we can not only take clearer views of duty, but give our minds time to reflect upon the best method of performing it. May my attendance upon the services conducted by our chaplain be marked, during the whole of the voyage, by a respectful attention, which will "help the word" in its *passage to my heart*, and fill it with a silent but deep feeling of thankfulness, that for *me* he has not spoken altogether in vain.

REFLECTIONS ON CHILDREN, AND OUR INFLUENCE OVER THEM.

1st. When I see a young child before me, who is at all dependent upon me for its pleasure or its instruction, what are the kind of ideas, by dwelling upon which, I can so *shape* my own mind as to benefit that of the child? First, I must remember that children *take great notice* of the conduct of those around them. Their look, their manner of speaking, their actions, are all observed; and, more than this, they are all imitated by them. For

instance, if I am of a passionate temper, and, giving way to senseless anger, utter vehement expressions against any one, or violently push aside the unoffending and sleeping occupant of the kitchen hearth, if it happens to lie in my way, I shall not only have done harm to myself, by increasing my natural impatience of temper, but I shall have done harm to the child. In a short time its tiny arm will mimic my foolish action, and the unkind word and blow will be bestowed on the defenceless animal, wholly unconscious of its offence against the little tyrant of a boy or girl, whom milder words and gentler actions on my part might have saved from the sins of passion and of cruelty. Is cruelty too strong a word? Certainly not. The child, who, when angry, strikes a dog or a cat (though its little arm may not have sufficient power to hurt the animal), is *sowing bad seed*, and, without great care, that child's mind will bring forth the harvest of cruelty, when that arm *has* power. Let me, therefore, always endeavour to cultivate a gentle temper, and a perfectly *humane* disposition. As opportunity offers, either in or out of doors, may I sow the *good* seed of mercy in a child's heart. May I teach it to be kind to all God's creatures, from the smallest fly, and the poor worm that crawls so helplessly at our feet, to the strong ox, or the powerful elephant. Then shall I succeed better in my wish to bring home to the child's mind the sweet pleasure of seeing the beautiful insect flutter past him, undetained by any selfish hand, and of looking up to the bird's nest, so

cleverly built and so neatly finished, with a kind wish in its little heart that no cruel plunderer may detect the guarded *secret of the bushes*, and pain the pretty little architect by robbing it of its treasure.

2nd. With respect to moral influence. Deceit is too often positively *taught* to children. Now this sin is, to the soul, what arsenic is to the body. It is poison—it *eats its way* into the young soul, and its moral health withers and decays. No one can do a child a greater injury than to destroy its love of truth. Without this love, there is no foundation whereon to build goodness and virtue—where deceit is practised, the mind has a *cancer in it*—falsehood. What the spine is to the human frame, truth is to the soul—it is its support. “It is, as it were, the very *back-bone* of a virtuous character,”

3rd. What, then, is my duty to the child under my care? It is, to *keep watch over the guilelessness* of its mind. Above all, I myself must set no example of deceit, in any word which I speak, or in any action which I do. The child must see that I have the courage and sense always to speak the truth, even though the consequences may be such as I may not like. I shall do well to remember the saying, that “the person who *smarts* for telling the truth, carries a plaster for it in the breast;” and to remember, also, the Bible declaration, that “lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.”

4th. A cheerful disposition meets one of the deepest wants of childhood. A child is a very de-

pendent little creature, and its simple pleasures are greatly heightened by being shared in, and directed by, those upon *whom* it depends. The merry shout of children is the merrier, their lively gambols the livelier, if the kind smile and ready sympathy of older persons prove to the little ones that they are loved and cared for, even in their innocent sports. The sight of a good and happy child calls up sweet and refreshing thoughts. We are glad to see it so *alive* with joy, and would not, for worlds, "set the seal of care" upon that young and unclouded brow. But we would make it happier still, by making it still more good. We would not have it ignorant that it was in a world where suffering is—we would talk to it of the poor, and touch its heart with a gentle sorrow at the tale of their distresses; and, when the tear of pity stood in its bright, clear eye, and it had offered some little gift from its small treasures to relieve the sufferer, we would kiss off the tear, and, bidding it join its companions, with a lighter heart than before, take home to our *own* hearts all the tenderness and beauty of our Lord's invitation to children, and meekly acknowledge with him, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

REFLECTIONS ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

1st. Love and marriage! How frequently are these made the subject of talk for the idle hour, and how foolish some young women are, in perpetually

bringing forward this topic, and jesting upon it. Now, if you want to know of "what stuff" a person's mind is composed, listen attentively to their conversation, and you *will* know; for where persons are under no restraint, they will naturally talk of that which most occupies the thoughts. If a young woman, then, is always talking about marriage, it is not at all unfair to assert, that she is always thinking about it. But if this is the case, what shall we think of *her*? Shall we call her wise or unwise, prudent or imprudent? Is her conversation profitable either to herself or to others? I cannot hesitate in giving an answer to these questions. Profit to others is out of the question, and such a young woman cannot be profiting herself, for she is wasting the active and useful powers of her mind, in indulging a certain species of discontent. She is looking forward to becoming that which she may never be—a wife; and what is the effect? Just this. She leaves *unenjoyed* many an advantage which she does actually *possess*, as a single woman, from an impatient hope of those which, at best, she can only *expect* to enjoy, as a married one. That to allow the expectation of marriage to occupy the mind as an *object* in life, is not prudent, is very evident from the following consideration:—It will make a young woman far too ready to accept attention from a young man, without duly considering whether his disposition and his habits are such as would be likely to make her happy as his wife. Her mind being too much fixed upon this one point, that

of being married, would be far too little fixed on *the* point,—the being married to a *good man*.

2nd. Let me now take home this subject to my own individual mind—what *is* marriage? What are its pleasures—what are its duties? If I marry, I change my condition altogether. I pass through a religious ceremony, by virtue of which I solemnly connect myself with one who has asked me to be his companion through life. A life-companion!—how much do these words include! If he is destined to be a father, I shall be the mother of his children, and then what new and sacred *duties* will be added to my affectionate cares as a wife—nights spent in anxious watchings over our common offspring, in the tender years of infancy; and, it may be, incessant toil to maintain an honest livelihood, and a respectable standing in our neighbourhood. A mother's duties are urgent in claiming her time, her attention, and her active powers of exertion. And can I suppose myself equal to performing these duties, without being assisted by the partner of my life? How important, then, is it to marry a man of a good character! If he is indolent, how can *my* efforts supply his want of energy? If he is vicious, what can a mother's teaching effect? It cannot make head against a father's example! If he is of an unkind and morose temper, and I cannot subdue it by a kind manner towards him, the sorrows of my heart will be indeed bitter, but unavailing.

3rd. I see, then, that for a young woman to marry, with scarcely any better reason than just

because she has been asked to do so, by one of whom she has little or no knowledge, is a step as unwise, as it will probably prove injurious—the “*heart* should be taught to wait for the decision of the *judgment*;” and although this lesson may be a little difficult, it is, nevertheless, one which every *thinking* young woman will endeavour to learn. Both parties should learn this lesson—the nature of marriage should be “*rightly understood*.” When it is so understood, both the husband and the wife enter upon it with the head as well as with the heart. Each knows the unspeakable importance of virtuous conduct in the other—the understanding is convinced that there is “no peace to the wicked.” With wishes, with prayers, with efforts to be good, they will cherish each other’s virtues, and forgive each other’s failings; should a family spring up around them, they would seek their *real* good—such parents would teach them that affection and mutual kindnesses were the sweets of life, and that small *unkindnesses* were its “drops of gall.” They would teach them never to be ashamed of honest poverty, for that an “honest man,” wherever found, is “the noblest work of God.” In a word, they would so train up their children, as to afford them every pleasing hope, that, when the trials and the joys, the pleasures and the pains of this world shall have passed away, they should again meet them on a happier shore, for ever rejoicing—“No wanderer lost”—“a family in heaven.”

4th. I cannot deny that the views which I have

been led to consider in the above reflections are such as I ought to cherish on a subject so important—and a man's character is known to those around him. We should soon hear how he *has* stood, and how he *does* stand, in the estimation of the respectable portion of his neighbours. They will know whether he is regular in his attendance at some place of worship—whether the temptation of "strong drink" overpowers him, and imbrutes his mind; or whether the habit of taking God's name in vain on his irreverent lips proves that he has no taste for the things which are "lovely and of good report." If bad habits are his, let him never, *never*, be husband of mine. By connecting myself with one who is not at peace with our heavenly Father, I should no longer be at peace with Him *myself*. My character would probably become (from living with him) like his, and, both the one and the other, daily caring less for what is calm and good *within* us, or beautiful *without*, we should, in the course of a very few years, sink into a poor and wretched couple, bereft of all self-respect, and a useless burden upon the community in which we live. Finally, I should think of marriage as an event overruled by the providence of God, like every other event in our lives. It will be much wiser in me to dismiss this subject for the present. Having formed such views as appear likely (if I act upon them) to save me from rash conduct in regard to entering into matrimony, let me now occupy my mind in *immediate* duties and prospects, humbly leaving all my future lot to the disposal of

that merciful Being, who “knoweth what is best for every one of us.”

REFLECTIONS ON BOOKS, TRAVELS, LIVES OF REMARKABLE PERSONS, &c.

1st. Books! What a source they are of amusement, instruction, and profit, if they contain the thoughts of a good mind. Some books, however, (I hope I shall not be so sinful as to injure my soul by reading them, should they happen to fall in my way,) contain the thoughts of a *bad* mind—of one who cares not what harm he does, what unholy feelings he excites, what bad and improper ideas he calls up in the mind, or what unsafe and shocking principles he holds up to the admiration of the reader. Such writers may be compared to firebrands. They consume the soul of man, like a devouring flame. Those who are rash enough to read their wicked publications will daily become less kind, less good, less holy. They will be like persons who, for the sake of “one sweet drop, would be mad enough to swallow a whole bowl of poison.” How corrupt is the very soul of such writers, and how bitter will be their retribution when we “shall all stand at the judgment-seat of Christ.”

2nd. Let me now turn with pleasure and gratitude to those writers, who, whenever they take pen in hand, wish to avoid any sentiment, or any thought, or any word, that could stain the soul of the reader



with sin. They may, indeed, have to record very sinful actions, but these should only warn us to watch and pray, lest we also fall. It is curious to compare the different impressions made on our minds by different books. If I take up a book of travels, (written with a view to give us information respecting our common race,) how amused I am almost immediately with its contents—I almost forget where I am ; “my fancy follows” the traveller “through foaming billows,” or over burning sands, and I seem to see with his eyes and to hear with his ears. How much we sometimes feel for the traveller! When Mungo Park had suffered intensely from thirst, in the hot and dry land of Africa, and at last heard the sound of frogs at a distance, he pronounced their croaking “like heavenly music to his ears,” as indicating that water was near. We, too, fancy we hear the sound, and heartily welcome the little croakers. Books of travels introduce another portion of the human family to us, and, while we are interested in reading of their manners and customs, (however strange and even barbarous they may be,) we learn to feel more and more that we are *all* brothers and sisters. The sun-burnt African, and the fur-clad Laplander, all love, and hope, and fear, and *die*, as we ourselves do ; and the more we think of distant nations, and their different languages, colour, customs, religions, and laws, the more sure we ought to feel, that our Common Parent only intended these varieties to bind us more closely to Him upon whom we alike depend. Through his Son Jesus Christ,

He has commanded us to be bound to *one another*, by observing unbroken his golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

3rd. If reading travels does us good, by increasing our sympathy for the human race *generally*, biography (or the lives of persons who have done and said much of which the world has heard and talked) does us good by bringing us nearer to *individuals*, and awakening a still more lively interest in them, because we are enabled to learn how they *first* came to think of such and such a plan of life, what difficulties they had to contend with, and how they overcame them; how they spent their time in their families, &c. &c. To read the life of a *good* man or woman, is one of the most *improving* things which we can do. Every page seems to whisper to us, "Go thou and do likewise." To read the life of a sufferer is very interesting. For instance, we read of a person unjustly confined in a dungeon, gloomy and solitary. He pants to see again the light of day, and the dear faces of his family and friends. He looks at the massive door of his cell, and sighs. He looks again, and, though its bolts are heavy, and he is chained, and the keeper is watchful, he resolves to escape. By much "brain-spinning" he lays his plan; by much labour, skill, and ingenuity he executes it; and, at length, placed safe and free in open air, he raises his unshackled arms to heaven, and thanks the Being who made him, for the deep joy with which his whole soul is filled—he hastens

to the objects of his affection, and the ready tear starts in the eye of the reader, as both he and they are once more locked in each other's arms. Again, we read of a poor man whose wife has been cruelly torn from his embrace, and sold—sold like a beast of burden! He is left alone in his sorrow, and weeps. His heart at length rebels at the deep injustice, the *piercing* cruelty of slavery. He, too, will be a free man, in a free soil. He, too, will escape. He *does* escape. His story is noised abroad; it is printed, and we read with warm interest (what lover of freedom would not!) the account of his “hair-breadth 'scapes.” We are with him.—Is his hiding-place “a shock of corn,” or “a solitary barn,”* we, also, are terrified by the barking cur, the echoing step, the rustling wind. He hears a voice, we fear it may be that of a human bloodhound, who is tracking his footprints to bring him back to the lash. Our heart beats; we hold our breath, and silently commit the panting fugitive to Him, whose “arm is never shortened, that it should not save, and who has ever a desire to the work of His hands.” At length he arrives in a free country, and we are happy.

4th. Let me make good books my companions as often as I can do so, without the *smallest neglect of any duty*. Good books are like good friends. We never tire of them, and daily grow the better for their acquaintance. If, through entire ignorance of

* See the Life of the Rev. Dr. Pennington, once a slave, and now a pleasing and impressive preacher of the Gospel.

what a book contains, I take one in my hand which I feel is *doing me harm*, by raising bad thoughts, may I instantly close it ; and if it has come into my possession, *destroy it*. Bad books “diffuse poison and death.”

MAXIMS AND ANECDOTES.

Faults.—We should never be ashamed to own that we have been in the wrong. This is only saying that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday.

Gratitude.—A poor old man was busily employed in planting and grafting an apple-tree, when he was interrupted by a person who said, “Why do you plant trees, when you cannot hope to eat the fruit of them ?” The old man raised himself up, and leaning upon his spade, replied, “Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit ; I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone.”

If it be possible, do *some* good every day.

He who was never wise enough to find out his own faults, will not be charitable enough to excuse his neighbour’s.

“When I was young,” says Mr. Southey, “there was a black boy in the neighbourhood, whose name

was Jem Dick. I, and a number of my playfellows, were one evening collected together at our sports, and began to torment the poor lad, by calling him blackamoor, and other degrading epithets ; he appeared much grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. We shortly after made an appointment to go skating in the neighbourhood ; but on the day we fixed upon I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jem's. I went to him, and asked him for them. "Oh, yes, John, you may have them, and welcome," was his answer. When I went to return them, I found him sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was obliged to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took them, and, with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'John, don't ever call me blackamoor again,' and immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart. I burst into tears, and resolved, from that time, never again to abuse a poor black."

By entertaining good thoughts, you will keep out evil ones.

Command your temper, lest it should command you.

A gentle disposition is like an unruffled stream.

Many years ago, when so many French emigrants landed upon our shores, the author became acquainted with one who related the following circumstance as having happened to himself :—Overcome with fatigue,

and "foot-sore with travel," he laid himself down on the roadside, and fell asleep. He had no money in his pocket when he laid down, but when he awoke he found in it 15 shillings! Some "good Samaritan" passing by, and, doubtless, perceiving that he was a foreigner, who might not like to reveal his distress, (for he was a gentleman, and afterwards maintained himself respectably by teaching the French language,) had dropped them in without rousing him from his slumbers.—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return unto thee"—if not in this world, it will in that which is to come.

"A sense of duty pursues us always. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty done, or duty undone, is still with us for our happiness, or for our misery. We cannot escape from a sense of duty. It goes with us through life, it is with us at its close. We shall then be pained, or consoled, according as we have done our duty, or left it undone."

He who does not make his family comfortable, will himself never be happy at home; and he who is not happy at home, will never be happy anywhere.

Anecdote of a Cat.—A correspondent of the *Penny Magazine*, No. 442, writes as follows, and gives his name:—"I find a short article on the 'Intelligence of Animals,' in which mention is made of a cat that had learned to open a door by lifting the latch. I

beg to state that I have now in my possession a cat which performs, untaught, the same feat every day, in order to gain admission into the kitchen. This cat has been also in the habit of accompanying me from the dwelling house to the office up-stairs, the door of which has a knocker similar to that of a street-door; on my return to the dwelling house, being occasionally without my key, I knock for admission, and the door is of course opened. This has been observed by the cat; the opening of the door has in its mind been associated with the knock previously given, and when he now wants admission he jumps without hesitation, lifts the knocker, lets it fall, and awaits the result. If not speedily attended to, he knocks again, and, in fact, makes more use of that knocker than any person in the house."

Some of the writer's family know a lady, whose cat was observed one day to leave its dinner half eaten. In about ten minutes it returned, bringing with it a poor half-starved cat, which presently demolished what had evidently been left for it. The lady and her cook took care that puss should lose nothing by her benevolence, as a double portion was allotted to it as long as *her friend* partook of her hospitality, which it did for about three weeks, at the end of which time the family saw no more of it.

Domestication of the Owl.—We do not see why the owl, if domesticated, might not be a valuable assistant to the husbandman. If there were one or

two belonging to the rick-yard and barn, they would well repay a little trouble, and would be at work while others sleep. The habit of taming birds, or other animals, is of no little use in forming *kind and patient dispositions in the young*; and those who have seen the storks in Holland, building on the cottage roofs, and stalking about the road-side and dykes, will not think this a hopeless attempt. It is by continual persecution that the lower animals are driven from us. Their dread might soon be overcome by kind treatment.—*Slaney's British Birds.*

Nature's Workmen.—There are three creatures, the squirrel, the field-mouse, and the bird called the nut-hatch, which live much on hazel-nuts, and yet they open them each in a different way. The first, after rasping off the small end, splits the shell into two parts with his long fore-teeth, as a man does with his knife; the second nibbles a hole with his teeth, as regular as if drilled with a wimble, and yet so small, that one wonders how the kernel can be extracted through it; while the last picks an irregular, ragged hole, with its bill; but as this artist has no paws to hold the nut *firm* while he pierces it, like a clever workman he fixes it, as it were in a vice, in some cleft of a tree, or in some crevice, when, standing over it, he perforates the stubborn shell.—*White's Natural History of Selbourne.*

Let all your things have their places, and let every thing *be* in its place.

Lose no time ; be always employed in something useful.

Wrong none by *doing* injuries, and forbear resenting them.

Do you aim at tranquillity ? Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

Use no hurtful deceit ; *think* innocently and justly, and then you will *speak* so.

Suffer no untidiness in your person, or clothes, or dwelling.

Manner of drinking Tea in Koonday.—Nothing is done in this country without tea, which is handed about at all times and hours, and gives a social character to conversation, which is very agreeable. The Usbecks drink their tea with salt instead of sugar, and sometimes mix it with fat ; it is then called “keimukchah.” After each person has had one or two large cups, a smaller one is handed round, made in the usual manner, without milk. The leaves of the pot are then divided among the party.—*Lieut. Barnes's Travels into Bokhara.*

“When Sir Isaac Newton was a boy, he sometimes assisted in driving cattle to market ; at other times he carried corn for sale ; at others he attended the sheep. At length his uncle found him in a hay-loft at Grantham, working out a problem, after which he was sent to school, where he soon showed his great and various talents. In the year 1660, being eighteen years of age, he went to the University

of Cambridge, where he manifested extraordinary aptitude for the acquirement of knowledge. At length he became one of the greatest and best men that ever lived." It is said of him, that he never pronounced the word, God, without slightly inclining his head, in token of deep reverence of so holy a name.

When Dr. Watts was about seven or eight years old, he was desired by his mother to write her some lines, as was the custom with the other boys, after school hours, for which she used to reward them with a farthing. Isaac obeyed, and presented her with the following couplet :—

I write not for a farthing, but to try
How I your farthing writers can outvie.

SHORT POEMS.

The following pieces of poetry have been selected in the hope that, from their being so short, they could be easily committed to memory, and thus prove a source of pleasing occupation for the mind in the hour of leisure.

LINES ON THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast,
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.—*Cowper.*



EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death came ; with friendly care
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed
 And bade it blossom there.—*Coleridge.*

TO A NEW-BORN INFANT.

The morn that ushered thee to life, my child,
 Beheld thee weep, whilst all around thee smiled ;
 So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
 Calm thou mayst smile, whilst all around thee weep.

MODEST, RETIRING CHARACTERS, AND THOSE THAT LOVE
TO BE TALKED OF, COMPARED.

Few note the virtue that from view retires,
 Few prize the worth that every moment sees ;
 We mark the tempest's rage, the comet's fires,
 Forget the shower, the sunshine, and the breeze.

Man-like it is to fall into sin,
Fiend-like it is to dwell therein ;
Christ-like it is for sin to grieve,
God-like it is all sin to leave.—*Longfellow.*

ON PRAYER.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say, “Behold, he prays.”—*Montgomery.*

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Little, fluttering, beauteous fly,
With azure wing of softest dye,
Hither, fairy insect, hie,
Nor fear to lose thy liberty.
Well I know thy life is short,
One transient hour of idle sport ;
Enjoy that little halcyon hour,
And kiss each fair and fragrant flower ;
No more I'll stay thy mazy flight,
For short thy moments of delight.

By Mrs. Hemans, when quite young.

THE APRIL MORN.

Now a smile, and now a frown,
Brightening now, and now cast down ;
Such the face which April wears,
Now in smiles, and now in tears.

Such the life we lead below,
Full of joy, and full of woe ;
Lovely prospects now arise,
Vanish now before our eyes.

Yet, amid the clouds of grief,
Still a sunbeam sheds relief,
Like the face which April wears,
Now in smiles, and now in tears.

By Mrs. Hemans, when quite young.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Reflected on the lake, I love
 To see the stars of evening glow,
 So tranquil in the heavens above,
 So restless in the waves below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
 But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
 Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
 As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

Bishop Heber.

A SUNSET THOUGHT.

Contemplate when the sun declines
 Thy death, with deep reflection,—
 And when again his rising shines,
 Thy day of resurrection.—*Cowper.*

BELIEVE IT.

There is, in every human heart,
 Some not *completely* barren part,
 Where seeds of truth and love might grow,
 And flowers of generous virtue blow.
 To plant, to watch, to water there,
 This be our duty—this our care.

Bowring's "Matins and Wespers."

LOOK THROUGH NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD.

Yes! nature is a splendid show,
 Where an *attentive* mind may hear
 Music in all the winds that blow,—
 And see a silent worshipper

In every flower, on every tree,
 In every vale, on every hill ;
 Perceive a sound of melody
 In waving grass or whispering rill ;
 And catch a soft, but solemn sound
 Of worship from the smallest fly,
 The cricket chirping on the ground,
 The trembling leaf that hangs on high.

Bowring's "Matins and Vespers."

A COMPARISON.

Marked you, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
 Yon little billow heave its breast,
 And foam and sparkle for a while,
 And murmuring then subside to rest ?
 Thus man, the sport of toil and care,
 Rises on life's tempestuous sea,
 And having swelled a moment there,
 Subsides into eternity.

CONTENTMENT.

Our portion is not large indeed,
 But then how little do we need,
 For nature's calls are few !
 In this the art of living lies—
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power ;
For if our stock be very small,
Yet cheerful we'll enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.—*Cotton.*

TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE, WITH AN APPROPRIATE VERSE TO EACH.

The necessary avocations of the day frequently occupy so much time as to leave very little for reading. Many persons have not the means of *searching out* wisdom for themselves, yet gratefully accept a “few grains of its gold” when presented by another. It is for this reason that short selections from good authors, and little books containing “texts of Scripture for every day in the year,” are so very useful. However engaged any one may be, time *may* be found to look at and remember a short text, and this text, if brought to mind several times in the course of the day, might, perhaps, do more good to the soul than *many hours’ reading*. A verse containing the sentiment of the text is not any great additional tax upon the memory, and yet, if laid up in its *storehouse*, may one day be found to be of great use, comfort, and *support*. The writer is well acquainted with an old lady, who will very shortly be in her eighty-second year, and who is wholly unable, from defective sight, to amuse

herself with reading, to whom it is the greatest source of pleasure to be able to repeat to herself texts and whole passages of Scripture, committed to memory when young. Women whose time is much occupied with needle-work enjoy an advantage in this respect, for while the “needle plies its busy task” the mind may be *equally* busy in calling up and *fixing* “the words of eternal life.” It is therefore hoped, that the present small selection may not be unacceptable. Some of them are taken from a little book, entitled “Daily Food for Christians,” published by the Religious Tract Society.

“Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.”—Psalm li. 2.

“Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.”—Psalm li. 10.

The seeds of sin (that bitter root)
 In every heart are found,
 Nor can it bear diviner fruit
 Till grace renew the ground.

“The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.”—Psalm cxlv. 18.

He bows His gracious ear,
 We never plead in vain;
 Yet we must pray till he appear,
 And pray, and pray again.

"I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."—John x. 9.

Behold a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks; has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no *other* friend so ill.

But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; and just the friend you need;
The man of Nazareth—'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Phil. iv. 7.

Oh Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."

"Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield."—Psalm v. 12.

Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

"He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of his saints."—Prov. ii. 8.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

"Hope maketh not ashamed ; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost."

—Rom. v. 5.

Let the wind blow, and billows roll,
 Hope is the anchor of my soul ;
 It fastens on a land unknown,
 And moors me to my Father's throne.

"Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord ; and I will heal him."—

Is. lvii. 19.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From ev'ry murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And let me live to thee.

"And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves ; but he was asleep. And his disciples came to him, and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us ; we perish."—Matt. viii. 24, 25.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart ;
 When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

“And Jesus saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith ? Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea ; and there was a great calm.”
 —Matt. viii. 26.

The rolling mountains of the deep
 Obey thy great command ;
 Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
 Or sink them on the sand.

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.”
 —John xvi. 23.

What various hindrances we meet,
 In coming to a mercy-seat !
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?

“Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.”—Luke xii. 37.

Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,
 And while we speak, he's near ;
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.

“Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity?”—Micah vii. 18.

O, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

“Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning”—James i. 17.

O, let me, then, at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

“I am the light of the world ; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.”—John viii. 12.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

“There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.”—Heb. iv. 9.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To this our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

“ Wait on the Lord ; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart.”—Psalm xxvii. 14.

O, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

“ I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.”—Isaiah xlvi. 17.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me by thy powerful hand.

“ Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.”—Mark ix. 24.

O, for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith ;
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven my own.

“ In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.”—Prov. iii. 6.

Each future scene to thee I leave,
Sufficient 'tis to know,
Thou canst from every evil save,
And every good bestow.

"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons : for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?"—Heb. xii. 7.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Let mercy still supply ;
 The good, unasked, oh ! Father, grant,
 The ill, though asked, deny.

THE DISTANT SHIP.

[Lines addressed to a person watching with great interest a vessel upon the ocean, which distance had rendered like "a dark spot or speck." With equal interest would the writer watch an *emigrant ship*.]

The sea-bird's wing o'er ocean's breast
 Shoots like a glancing star,
 While the red radiance of the west
 Spreads, kindling fast and far,—
 And yet that splendour wins thee not,
 Thy still and thoughtful eye
 Dwells but on one dark, distant spot,
 Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee ! o'er the slumbering deep
 A solemn glory broods ;
 A fire hath touched the beacon steep
 And all the golden woods ;
 A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
 Burn with the amber light !
 What spell from this rich pageantry
 Chains down thy gazing sight ?

ANSWER.

A softening thought of human cares,
A feeling linked to earth !
Is not yon speck a bark, which bears
The loved of many a hearth ?
Oh ! do not hope, and grief, and fear,
 Crowd her frail world e'en now,
And manhood's prayer, and woman's tear,
Follow her venturous prow ?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
The glittering stars below ;
But we are bound by cords of love,
To kindred weal and woe ;
Therefore, amidst this wide array
Of glorious things and fair,
My soul is on that bark's lone way,—
For human hearts are there.











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